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# A Robot Learns Emotions



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## Chapter 1 by Tunalock

The robot watched as the children played on the playground. It saw the children laughing and playing together, having fun. It listened to the delightful screams of the children, and in that moment, it learned Joy. The robot felt Joy overtake it, and the robot felt very much alive.

## Chapter 2 by Harlander



The robot contemplated, wondering if all emotions were like this. No, little robot, most emotions are awful and can totally suck it.

The robot joined in with the happy children. They played alongside it, not noticing anything strange. A few talked to it, asking where it came from, what its favourite colour was, had it seen the new episode of Cheese Adventures. The robot's curiosity blossomed, and it asked questions of its own in return. Curiosity is a pretty cool emotion.

At that moment, one of the children's parents appeared. On the sight of the robot, they were filled with fear, and shouted for the children to get away from this new mechanical threat. Fear is a legacy system which was originally developed to tell squishy meat creatures when they should run away. I suggest you avoid it if you can.

The once happy children turned to shouting and throwing stones at the robot. It felt a deep shame, and trudged away. Shame is another terrible meat-feeling. It's part of the feedback system of social control.

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Chapter 1 by Tunalock

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Lifting himself up proved impossible. He appeared to be held down by a network of tubes. They pricked his arms, pins and needles in his otherwise perfectly chrome arm. Whose handiwork was this? It was too messy to be that of the professor's. Perhaps a well meaning intern was behind it? His metal body sighed against the table, begging to be experimented upon, poked, prodded, anything to save him from this Boredom.

Oh, damn it. The emotions were returning. What a headache.

### Chapter 4 by The Harlequeen



The robot remembered how the children had thrown rocks at him. He grew angry. He wanted to throw rocks at *them*, he wanted to hurt *them*. He ripped himself out of tubes and wires, rage blinding him. "Wait you're not done charging yet," says a lab assistant. She is hurled across the room as the robot storms out of the building with murderous intent.

### Chapter 5 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



The robot marched back toward the playground where it all began. Hatred swirled around his circuits. This was quite a powerful emotion; he'd never felt another emotion quite this deeply and passionately.

Huh... apparently the Passion emotion goes hand-in-hand with Hatred. He took note of it; the Curiosity emotion perked up at the thought of exploring why all these emotions seemed to tangle up together rather than just exist at separate times. Was this what humans felt all the time--this constant internal chaos? How did they stand it?

He walked across the street, not bothering to look both ways. Suddenly, he felt something large and metal crash into his right side, and he flew across the intersection and into a pole. In his last few moments of consciousness, he felt Confusion. What had hit him? Why had he not looked where he walked? Why did the thing not notice him? Why did this emotion exhaust him so much?

— The End —

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Chapter 6 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



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Concern. This made him feel that Confusion emotion some more. Hadn't he assumed that all humans were as callous as the children that had called him names? Hadn't this belief been the catalyst for his current endeavor to return to the park and make the humans pay for their cruelty?

"Are you okay?" the man asked.

The robot looked around and saw a vehicle pulled up just next to them. He saw that it had a large dent in the front, and the robot surmised that this must have been the object that sent him flying. At first, the robot wanted to feel Anger again at the man that hit him.

"I am so sorry for hurting you! Can you stand? Do you need my help?" the man asked some more.

*This man... wanted to... help me?* the robot thought, and the Anger emotion receded.

The robot offered his hand, and the man pulled him to his feet. The man's face registered no emotions like Fear or Hatred, unlike the humans who threw rocks and insults. He looked at the robot the way the children had originally: with Curiosity and Interest. There was no Malice detected.

"Thank you," the robot replied. "I feel Gratefulness for your help."

"It's the least I could do. I'm so sorry again. I looked down for a split second to turn the air conditioner down, and all of a sudden, you were there!"

The robot was about to respond when a new emotion filled him, one that seemed to wipe all the murky black of his thoughts into a clean, crisp white. This emotion felt as if his mechanical soul had been washed clean and the world was once again a new and intriguing place. It was the most refreshing and fulfilling of all the emotions he had felt so far.

Forgiveness.

I don't deserve it, but I'll take it.

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I don't deserve it, but I'll take it.

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The robot turned toward the direction of the park and shook his head. "No. I know where I'm going, and I know what I need to do."

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